



Innis Herald

Vol. XV No. 6

February 1982

Kay Armatage Confesses (to Making Films and Mothering at the Same Time)

An Interview
by Daphne Ballon

A few weeks ago I went to see three films by Professor Kay Armatage: Jill Johnson, Speak Body, and Striptease. This is a following interview during which we discuss these films and her new project Life on this Planet. Kay lives on Ulster St. with producer Bill House and seven month old daughter Alex who is blond and happy. As we talked, Alex lay gurgling on the tape recorder.

How did you end up in film? Why film as a mode of expression?

Well, I know why I got interested in film as an art form. I'd just seen some films that excited me beyond belief. I was thinking recently that I really don't know anything about abstract impressionist painting, the theory or the history or the aesthetics of it, but it seemed to define modern art. And I can remember when I got to university and pop art was just beginning and I started reading millions of books about Warhol. I guess what happened to me with film was sort of the same, although it had a much more lasting effect.

Movies are something that I grew up with. We went to the movies every Saturday when I was a kid and every Friday when I was dating. When I finally moved to Toronto I saw a Godard movie. This was something completely new to me and I started doing everything I could to find out about it until it became a kind of abiding passion. I think Godard is one of the great filmmakers of our time. I can remember most Godard movies from beginning to end, every image, every scene, every line.

Have you picked up any stylistic elements?

Well, it's hard. In *Striptease* I did try to recreate a Godard image, which never showed up in the final film. Behind the woman who lays out the g-strings on the counter there was part of a wall in her store which is painted a blue which is identical to Godard's blue wall and it even ended sort of half way down the wall with a bunch of paintstrokes, just like his, and I tried to get her to stand over beside it but she just wouldn't. She moved naturally down the counter and although I had set up the shot very carefully so that part of the wall behind her would be in the frame, it didn't work.

I was confused about what you were getting at in that film. It seemed to me that there were two different, and contradictory, things being said in Striptease. On the one hand you exposed the voyeurism involved, asking "What are you looking at?" and questioning generally what the big deal is about seeing women's bodies on stage. And at the same time, you portrayed these women and their dancing as beautiful. The whole thing evoked very positive emotions when

I felt that I was supposed to feel negatively toward stripping as a feminist issue. I've spoken to a stripper who said this film made her feel very positive about what she does.

Well I'm glad it made her feel positive. I made a verbal promise, a personal commitment, to the strippers I was dealing with that I wasn't going to make a movie that was going to degrade them or show them to be less human, less competent, or less sympathetic than they are. And the women that I dealt with in making the film I completely sympathized with and I didn't feel sorry for them. That was partly because my sample was seaweed and I made no bones about that at all. The film does not make any effort to present a realistic picture of what stripping is, although I do think you get a sense of it with that horrible agent, the booker who's virtually a pimp. He just sells women on the market. And there's the woman who says she's trying to quit stripping, hates the bar life, and what it's like dealing with these guys. You do get a sense that this profession is not roses at all. But I wasn't setting out in the film to show these women as

*Inside:
Photographs
and Fiction*

poor, pathetic, deluded, degraded, exploited, sleazy creatures. I wasn't going to deal with anybody I thought that about.

You just picked the ones that you admired?

Well as it happened I didn't meet very many women who had that attitude toward themselves. I met a number of women who were damaged by the profession, severely damaged, either by the men they came in contact with or the drugs they took and the attitudes they had to develop, attitudes about themselves, in order to keep doing it. I made an effort to make it a more balanced view. They said, "Oh sure, I'll be in your film," but then they wouldn't show up. In the end I thought that's alright. My intention was to present this job from the woman's point of view, from the people who did the job.

You didn't have a personal bias in making it?

Oh yes, I set out with a personal bias for sure. I set out thinking that the women were probably degraded and exploited and sleazy and stupid and self-deluded. And then I met the woman who was running the union, Margaret Dragu, who is the dancer in red throughout the film. She acted as my guide. She introduced me to everyone and she was great. She was smart. She was self-aware. She was articulate. She destroyed all my preconceptions.

So the film was a process of discovery for you as well as for the viewer?

Absolutely. I don't think any of the strippers have not thought about it. A lot of them have made a choice that they would rather do this than be a waitress. It's more dangerous to be a waitress in lots of ways, on a constant daily basis. You're in closer contact with the customers. All of the strippers can tell stories about the guy who tried to break down the dressing room door or the drunk who was waiting in the alley for them to come out. But on a constant daily basis a waitress gets pinched in the ass. You are more violently responded to. You get propositioned more often. You get people touching you more often as a waitress than as a stripper. Particularly in a bar or any place that sells drinks, because you're right on the floor with them. You have to stand beside them.

I didn't meet anyone who had just mindlessly picked one over another or who just gradually



Armatage teaches film and women's studies
at New and Innis

John and Margaret

By Chris Clover

John and Margaret Simon have been the proprietors of the Huron Deli — the corner store across from Robarts where you get your daily donut and caffeine fix — for the last seven years. Both John and Margaret are Hungarian emigrants. They escaped Hungary in the final days of the 1956 Revolution.

John was a political prisoner for three years before the Revolution. In 1953 he was arrested for suspicion of having knowledge about a conspiracy and not reporting it. He was sentenced to five years of hard labour in a coal mine. The mine was dark and dirty and rocks continually fell on the miners from above. John recalls a miner working near him, cussing "c...sucker, c...sucker." John did not understand what the miner was saying and asked him what it meant. The miner, Milos, replied that he was Canadian and was swearing in English. Later John learned that Milos's father had originally left Hungary in 1920 and had immigrated to Canada, where he was born and raised. His father belonged to the Communist Party, and in 1950 returned to Hungary. As soon as the family arrived at the Hungarian border, all of their worldly goods were confiscated... "nationalized." Milos's father, who had held a high ranking position at Molson's in Canada, was given a poor paying job as a night watchman in Hungary. Milos became a factory worker. Shortly after arriving in Hungary he fell in love with a Canadian girl whose father had also repatriated. The young couple decided to escape from Hungary. One of the border patrols caught them as they were trying to cross. Milos was sentenced to five years of hard labour, and his girlfriend got three years in prison.

This was the first he learned of Canada. If ever he escaped from prison, John decided that he would go to Canada.

A few months after this, he heard, on a small improvised crystal radio that a couple of miners had made, of the student uprising in Budapest. Three days later, after the Hungarian army had rebelled against their Soviet superiors, a contingency of the revolutionary forces arrived at the prison camp. John knew a big change had occurred when he saw the revolutionary forces scraping the People's Democracy sign off their tanks, which was very similar to the Russian one, and putting on the red, white, and green Hungarian symbol. On the fifth day of the Revolution the inmates at the camp were taken into the prison's courtyard. As they were lining up the Revolutionary forces started to play the Hungarian Hymn. One of the majors of the army, who had the red, white, and green on his sleeve, made a speech to the political prisoners.



John and Margaret's piece of the rock.

He said, "We know you are innocent, and we know the guilt of the Rakosi (dictator of Hungary 1955-1956) regime put you in jail. We appreciate your fight against the communist system... We are going to free you, and you are going to have a nice future in our society." The major finished his speech, and the gathering started to sing the Hungarian Hymn again. On one side of the courtyard was a tall mining tower, on top of which was a big red star. As the crowd was singing the Hymn a miner who had climbed up the tower took a sledge hammer to the star.

After he was released, John went to see his family in Budapest. On November 20, 1956 the Russians took over Budapest. Patrols started to come to John's mother's house in search of him. He moved to his brother's and stayed there for a few days while planning his escape. The night before he was to leave he met Margaret, his brother's sister-in-law. Up to that time Margaret had been working in an office for the government. Over dinner John asked Margaret what she thought of the communist system which would soon be re-established. Margaret replied that she could not eat it anymore. So John told her that there was room on the truck that he was taking to the border tomorrow. Without going

home to say good-bye to her mother, Margaret went. She borrowed provisions from her sister, but other than these John and Margaret had only the clothes they wore and a small knapsack when they started for the border. The night they arrived at the border the Russians blew up the bridge, but the next day, with a concerted effort, they tied a few ropes across the river. They went across one-by-one into Austria.

In 1957, a year after their arrival, John met Milos on Bloor Street in Toronto. They remain close friends today.

Since coming to Canada Margaret has worked as a cleaner and hairdresser, and spent ten years in the U. of T. library system before buying the Deli in 1975. John has worked as a mechanic, then as a real estate salesman, and then a realtor before joining Margaret at the store in 1980. As well as the store, John and Margaret also run the cafeteria in Syd Smith. Both places reputedly have the best coffee on campus.

"Working with Margaret," John quips, "is harder than working at the prison camp ever was."

Margaret rebuts, "But the food is better."

To which John concedes, "Yeah, the food is better."

Armatage cont. from page 1

drifted into stripping when they might have gradually drifted into anything else.

They consider it a profession and o form of creativity.

Oh absolutely. Margaret, my guide, would tell me all kinds of things. We would be getting a stripper and she would say, "see those shoes," and start talking about the different properties of shoes. Strippers are constantly performing on very high-heeled shoes and the more precarious the shoe the more erotic it seems to be. Hence the strings around the ankles that they always take off and then dance for a while without any straps holding their shoes on. Only the most radical strippers can wear ballet shoes or anything that would give them a solid footing on the floor.

I went to see a woman in a bar to interview her between sets and her stage consisted of two tables in the kind of bar where you order thirty draft at a time. She would push a quarter into the juke box and get three songs and climb up from a chair onto the top of these rickety tables and dance in high-heeled shoes.

Which really hampers any creativity, in other words.

No, no. There is a tremendous amount of skill involved. You have to learn a lot, and the feats they perform under those conditions are unbelievable. This particular woman does the Chinese splits, which are both legs going out sideways very slowly so that it looks like she's tearing herself in two, which is what seems to please an audience, if they get it at all. Doing a thing like that on two little draft beer tables takes tremendous skill. No wonder they think of it as a profession, as creative.

As an extension of this would you ever do o film about prostitutes?

Well, it's a sociological connection, prostitute to stripper, which is not the connection I would normally make. What interested me about striptease is that it is a performance of sexuality in a basically voyeuristic relationship with the audience, which seemed to have a lot to do with the way women are and are treated.

There's an enormous market for the stripper and the prostitute. The culture in a way

necessitates their activities, and yet it punishes them for doing it.

Could you describe your latest project? It's called *Life on this Planet* and it's about pregnancy. In a lot of ways it's a continuation or related to *Speak Body*, which was about abortion.

Speak Body I tried to deal with some issues of representing the women's body by simply avoiding any representation at all, and by dealing in synecdochic images. Synecdoche means the part for the whole, so you only see the hand on the arm, or the foot on the stair, or the hand in the diary. You never see anything in a large perspective.

Also in *Speak Body* I was trying to deal with the personal experience but to deal with the issue of woman's discourse. The question is whether a woman's discourse actually exists, because we live in a male dominated world. Language theory says that language is based around the phallus as primary signifier, and that women don't exist in the language. Our whole cultural language, the words we speak, everything, is

Armatage continued

constructed around a masculine image, which perpetuates a masculine presence in the world. The feminine presence is only in absence; that voice is never heard.

In *Speak Body* I was trying to make that woman's voice heard and to speak of an experience which is literally and metaphorically controlled by men: abortion. Although birth is increasingly controlled by men — the law, the doctor's, the hospital boards that decide whether or not you can have an abortion, and even the right-to-lifers who are financed by the Catholic Church. Abortion is an event that is really controlled by men and I wanted to speak about that.

So *Life on this Planet* is in some ways a continuation of the issue of the representation of the woman's body. This time it's just a picture of the woman's body that you see. The main image of the movie is fifty different pregnant women in different stages of pregnancy walking through a sort of coloured theatre of light and as each one comes on the scene she's slightly more pregnant than the last.

And they'll be naked?

Yes, except for one or two who refuse to be naked. One of them was going to have twins so it's important that she be in there.

And then intercut with those images will be medical and psychological statements about pregnancy.

In a male voice?

No, they'll be written on the screen, but that is the male voice. I brought a book home tonight called *Desire in Language* which is a new book by Julia Christeva. She says that there are only two discourses that prevail in the world on pregnancy, and one is scientific and the other is religious — both male dominated.

"What interested me about striptease is that it is a performance of sexuality in a basically voyeuristic relationship with the audience, which seemed to have a lot to do with the way women are and are treated."

The male discourse will be represented by these writings on the screens and intercut with the images of the pregnant woman and the Swedish medical photographer who did microphotographs of the actual fetus in the womb.

(Alex: *ba-ba*)

Yes, "baby," that's you.

And then on the sound track I'll have overlapping women's voices telling about what they feel and what they're going through. Each of the women in the procession we interviewed and sometimes there was a group of them together sharing experiences: "I threw up every morning for six weeks!" and "Oh, I didn't have anything, I had a headache." Not only physical experience, but psychological: how their relationships with their husbands changed, how their bosses treated them, how people on the street responded to them. It's their subjective experience, the women's view, in contrast with the physical material body and the statements from doctors and sociologists or whatever, on the screen.

How long will it be?

20 minutes long. I hope it's going to serve as a kind of "how to" film like "How to Build a Bird's Nest" so that women and prenatal classes can use it. I want to make a film that will be useful to women, but which won't come at them again in the same old way. In prenatal classes we saw all these documentaries about birth. Aside from the fact that birth itself is really dramatic and it'll just make your heart stop every time the baby's head crowns and then comes slipping out — the movies were totally boring. What I'm trying to do is bring the avant garde into use.

There's a whole school of films from the late 60's, early 70's, that were more or less single image films. The most famous is Michael Snow's *Wavelength* where you just watch one thing until you kind of lose yourself in the image so that you almost stop watching and arrive at an almost meditative state — in a sense freed from it. And that's the effect of watching the women walking over and over again from one side of the screen to the other. I know that from watching the rushes you stop 'looking' and the woman is transformed. You don't see each idea as a separate step. It's all these old techniques of the avant garde, familiar techniques, that are going to be put to use.

Do you consider yourself, excuse the label, a feminist filmmaker?

Absolutely.

Is your film-making linked to the movement — trying to raise the social consciousness?

I wouldn't say raise consciousness because I think there is a fairly large group of women whose consciousnesses are pretty well raised, but who haven't found in film a voice that's speaking to them. That's what I feel I'm doing. I'm not interested in teaching my audience anything really except in the case of *Striptease* where I felt very strongly that I was speaking to a mixed audience. It does set out to teach something and say "look at this in a certain way," and I'm trying to describe something so that you will have a new understanding of it.

What kind of characteristics should a film for women demonstrate that a male film-maker wouldn't attempt? More interiorization? Subjective?

That's really difficult. There are a lot of theories about it. People have been saying for years that women's art is more subjective, more emotional, more interior, and also that it uses marginal forms and speaks from the margins of the culture. In many ways my films could be seen in that way. *Speak Body*, however distanced it is in the sense of the construction of the image, is very personal, subjective, and does use that kind of marginal form.

Do you think that there are any commercial filmmakers who are treating women or women's issues sensitively?

No.

Not even female film-makers?

There are some female filmmakers for sure but they're not commercial film-makers working in mainstream forms. Claudia Weil I had great hopes for — she did *Girl Friends* and *It's My Turn*. She came from a background in experimental films. She made really nice short films for a long period of time and was a kind of filmmaker/artist/autour; she was a cinematographer and director. But it's clear that Hollywood can't allow it. You've got people saying that it's got to make money and you can't have this character saying that because people won't relate to it and you've got to make it more popular. Also, there's all this theory that suggests that dealing in realistic conventional forms and images in itself makes it impossible to deal with women's issues or to construct representations of women that will operate differently.

I read an article by Laura Mulvey that described women in popular films as passive, there to be watched by the male voyeur...

I've changed my mind back and forth about mainstream films. *Norma Rae* is an interesting film because you can certainly analyse it in the way that Mulvey does if you go through and look at the construction of images — even though it's not the Marlene Dietrich image that Mulvey talks about — but in the end I don't think that's the effect of the film as a whole. Most people I think come out feeling that they haven't seen the same thing as when they looked at *Anastasia Kinski*.

How about Julia?

I couldn't stand *Julia* myself. I thought it was completely sappy and not only dealt with both the Jane Fonda character and the Vanessa Redgrave character in that really sappy star-adulating way, but made the characters into such shrocks. It's full of lyrical images of women rowing boats and having memories. That film doesn't get away from the stereotyped image of women at all.

Have you thought of any other themes you'd like to explore in the future?

Well I tend to concentrate pretty much on the film I'm working on until it's finished before thinking of another...

Life on This Planet is certainly a personal film. weren't you pregnant at the time that you were filming it?

We shot it on June the 6th and Alex was born on June 26th.

You must have been very pregnant.

I was very pregnant.

Did you talk about your own experiences?

I was too busy. I was never interviewed during the shoot. My ideas about it are going to be in the film.

"... filming 50 pregnant women naked, there were going to be no men around for sure."

Is it hard to have an academic career and try to make movies at the same time?

No, actually it's worked out really well so far because I've always made the movies in the summers. I shot *Bed and Sofa* in the winter and tried to work on it in the weekends, but it was impossible. When you're editing you need to concentrate so much and have extended periods of time. Film is a really old fashioned mechanical medium. You have to pick this piece of film out of that bin and put it together with that piece and sync it with that piece of sound and physically splice it together. And when it doesn't work you take it apart and splice it in another place... and everything you do takes twenty minutes because I'm not a professional editor. I don't have the lightning hands.

How do you feel about being a film-maker and teaching film at the same time? Do you find you get too theoretical?

Well I do get theoretical. And it shows up in my films, but I think in quite an accessible way. *Do you enjoy teaching? Do you find it all rewarding?*

I really like good students and I like finding out about the stuff that I'm teaching. I find seminars difficult to do if students aren't prepared to spontaneously contribute, but I like lecturing. I like organizing material that I'm going to present in a certain way.

*You said that when you made the first film *Jill Johnson* that you felt it was necessary that a feminist film have an all-female crew. Do you do that now?*

Well it depends on what the situation demands. For example, filming 50 pregnant women naked, there were going to be no men around for sure. These women were all strangers to me. I'd got their names and phone numbers and phoned them up, so when they walked in, I certainly wasn't going to greet them with any male cameramen.

Do you have trouble getting money for your films?

All the films that I've made have been made on grants except for *Striptease* which cost, in the end, maybe 25 thousand. The other films all cost less than five thousand. *Life on This Planet* will cost more than that just because costs have virtually doubled since I made *Speak Body*, which was made for \$2,700.

I've applied to Canada Council for the five thousand I needed to finish my film and they said come back when you've got a rough assembly, so that's what I'm doing now. I thought for sure I'd have the film shot before the baby was born, and it would be finished by October, but when I took the baby to the cutting room, I would have to spend three quarters of the day with her because she needed so much attention. I was naive. I had no idea what it would be like having a baby.

Do you get ideas from your students?

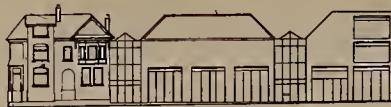
Not so much. I think less than when I first started teaching because the age difference is greater and my concerns are not theirs.

Not that I wish to portray myself as a hoary old professor.





INNIS' COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



The Innis Herald is published monthly by the Innis College Student Society and printed at Weller Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, The Innis Herald, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5S 1J5



Editorial:

Eulogy for Grade Thirteen

It is time, they say, that Ontario caught up with the rest of the world and released children from highschool a year earlier. Grade thirteen is being phased out, which may be beneficial insofar as freshmen from all provinces will be equally aged and educated. It may even count as a little tiny step toward that elusive goal of National Unity.

But the values of a fifth year of highschool are not necessarily reducible to facts and figures. Grade thirteen, as an experience, may vary from school to school, but it can function as an important stepping stone between highschool and university. It is a unique opportunity to have fun while being educated. There are four lower grades to look down upon, teachers often became people, and in our school, we could have two spares if we had behaved ourselves thus far. When school becomes less of a chore and more of a trip, students usually do a lot better.

A waste of taxpayer's money, to give students a good time? Hardly, because at the same time, one learns to think. Courses are set up specifically for university preparation. Grade thirteen is a trial run at university, which can either save one (or one's parents) a lot of time and money, or else gives one a head start.

By grade thirteen, many students have attained some degree of proficiency in the various extracurricular activities, and also in "practical" courses such as art, theatre arts, music and phys ed. This may well be the last chance to be great.

It used to be that there was a good deal of choice as to which courses one took, too. It was a chance to experiment and consider one's talents and interests before taking the big step. It gave one a chance to recover from adolescence before beginning life.

Even these arguments for retaining grade thirteen will no longer hold after the new rulings in the Arts & Science faculty take effect, though. It has been decided that certain grade thirteen courses will not be counted as credit for UoT admission. When you could take art, law, theatre arts and phys ed with a degree of seriousness; you could see if that was really what you were cut out for. Kids who aren't going to be artists or actors or athletes may well be talented, and once out of high school, will have little opportunity to have instruction in those areas. The exclusion of "arty" courses as university prerequisites is perhaps a sign of the eventual extinction of the liberal arts degree.

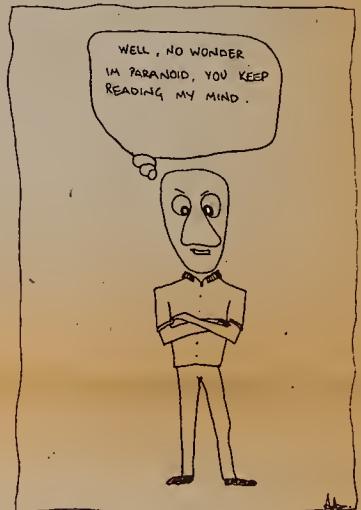
University entrance exams may well be necessary to rectify the ambiguity of high school standards, but they will, inevitably, be detrimental to the grade thirteen experience. Curriculums will become rigid and universal, rather than adaptable to student interests and teachers' individual input. With these restrictions placed on grade thirteen, it will be reduced to One More Year of The Same Old Thing, which could presumably be compressed into four years, as it is in other provinces.

By eliminating grade thirteen, the whole

Catherine Russell
Phil Ross
John Temple
Daphne Ballon
Anita Bredovskis

Jeremy Adelman
Chris Glover
Michael Swan
Martha Davis
Adam Vaughan

WELL, NO WONDER
I'M PARANOID, YOU KEEP
READING MY MIND.



process of being educated is shortened by one year. Now everyone knows what happens when one finally emerges from The System, and from the recently publicized figures (66% of University grads will get jobs that don't require a degree), it is very likely that the time one spends in school will be one's only encounter with a thinking environment. Therefore, the more time spent being educated the better. There's no big rush to enter the vegetable garden - it will always be there - so why not hang out in the lobby of the ivory tower for as long as possible?



Anita Bredovskis

It's hard to believe that another school year is almost over. I know — you've barely just recovered from Christmas and New Years and already final exams loom just three months away (not all that much time when you come to think of it, trying to cram a whole year's work into 3 months). I can hardly believe that my term of office is almost over, and it's time for new, fresh blood to take over.

The I.C.S.S. is looking for bright, energetic people to fill the "shoes" of the rather weary outgoing officers. We're looking for people to run for the following positions: president, vice-

Elections

president government, vice-president services, treasurer, education commissioner, communications commissioner, women's, men's and co-ed athletic reps., farm rep., and clubs rep. Running for office means getting involved with the student society and providing services to the students of Innis College.

Nominations will open after Reading Week and the elections will be held in late March.

If you're outgoing, energetic and care about Innis College and its students, the I.C.S.S. is where you should be. Nomination forms, and information about what each office involves, are available in the I.C.S.S. office (Rm. 116).



Next Month: Why is this man a wimp? The true story of the Turning Point.

Reminders from the Registrar's Office

Deadline for Dropping

'H' and 'Y' courses February 12

'B' and 'S' courses February 26

Deadline for submission of degree requests

for the June, 1982 convocation: February 19

Tuition Fee Certificates and Education

Deduction Certificates for income tax purposes will be available to be picked up from the Registrar's office, Room 117 on February 9. (NB These are not mailed out to students unless requested.)

Programme Enrollment Forms: Any one who has not yet completed a Programme Enrollment form should report to our offices for further information.

Please, Please, Please Report any Changes to your programmes, courses, sections, or address to our office immediately to avoid any confusion with your final results.

OSAP: Grant cheques and loan documents are still arriving from the Ministry on a weekly basis. Check that list on the bulletin board outside

Room 120 to see if your OSAP has arrived. A new list is posted every Monday morning.

Bursaries: If you find yourself in a dasparata financial situation without solution, you should apply for an Innis College Bursary. A bursary is money distributed to students on the basis of financial need. Scholarship is not a consideration. Bursary application forms can be picked up in Room 117.

T.A. Read Award: Each year Innis College recognizes an outstanding Innis College student who has achieved distinction in the political, social, or athletic life of the College or University. The student is expected to have at least a 2.0 grade point average. This is equivalent to a "C" or 63-66%.

Besides the honour of being publicly recognized by the College, the award winner receives approximately \$500.00. Interested students must apply for consideration. T.A. Read application forms are now available in the Office of the Registrar, Room 117.

Letters to the editor can be put in the Innis Herald Mailbox in the Innis mailroom, or put in the submissions box in the ICSS office.

The Margin: Moving Right? Says Who?

by Jeremy Adelman

Someone once told me that the last provincial election Larry Crossman received more donations from corporations than the NDP raised from individuals across the province. This point was raised again during the NDP convention earlier in the month. The debate centered around whether the NDP should be emulating the two other parties in its fund raising endeavours. The NDP has always prided itself on being supported by, and serving, the interests of individuals. On Sunday February 7th, the NDP voted to accept small business donations.

Such an event is symptomatic of the transition the NDP is undergoing. The election of Bob Rae as leader, a more cushy policy on nuclear power, and a milder stance on nationalization seem to indicate that NDP is moving to the right. Certainly, this is the view submitted by the Toronto media, particularly the daily newspapers. In its extensive coverage, that suggests a major change in a national mainstream party, the press portrays the NDP (a formerly discouraged and distraught party) as an emerging political contender. Such an analysis only fuels the NDP's new-formed confidence.

In the myopic interpretations of the Press, who by and large bask in a personality-type of politics, knowledge of the true dynamic of our political system remains limited to the backrooms. The Globe and the Star both devoted whole pages to the convention. Neither came close to analyzing why the NDP supposedly moved right. Instead the coverage was dry and very, very repetitive.

I would contend that the NDP is capitalizing on the personality-slant of the media and its sweetened policy to attract a generally lackluster populace. Why is the NDP moving "right"? (The word "Right" is used in its common journalistic sense, though the linear left-right categorization is growing progressively more obsolete.) The answer is: POWER. One could literally see the blood dripping off the fangs of the NDP-brass. Rumours that heavyweights like Gerry Caplan and Stephen Lewis plan to enter federal politics raced around the hall like atoms in a Candide. It is clear that the NDP, both provincially and nationally, intend to make big moves in the next few years.

Incumbent parties — the liberals in Ottawa and the Tories at Queen's Park — are becoming increasingly alienated from their electorate. They are portrayed by the press as fat and arrogant bureaucrats in a period when the average voter needs some soothing reassurance. The traditional opposition parties lack originality and imagination to face the challenges of our current economic situation. More importantly, their leadership lacks cohesiveness and appeal. Despite repeated attempts to consolidate his authority, Clark seems to be forever afflicted with a divided caucus. All this leaves gaping room for an NDP upset. The federal and provincial NDP executives are well aware of this. Howard Pawly's election in Manitoba only enhanced the thirst for power.

The supposed move to the "right" is a superficial analysis.

continued on page 8

Talent Night:

Innis Struts Its Stuff

by Michael Swan

On Saturday night the Town Hall was full of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, friends and perverts. Rumour has it that it was talent night, and one thing we're sure of — it was night.

The cabaret style show displayed a wide variety of talents. Simon Cotter displayed his ability to rent a tux and pronounce monosyllabic words. Bruno Jerullo proved he could pin his own diapers. Kent Darling showed us what he's made of, and various young ladies showed particular promise in the wearing of spandex jeans.

For the most part the evening was given over to music making, and this seems to be where the real talent lies at Innis. We were all certainly glad that Sheila O'Reilly was back among us for this event. Because *Spanish Romance* is performed so often, it is particularly difficult to render it convincingly. Sheila's light tone and simple, direct phrasing made the tune seem familiar in the best possible sense. Sheila's guitar, however, is put to better use accompanying her voice, which is pretty and clear. She sang an El Savadorian song of lament and protest — which is, perhaps, the only sort of song that can be written at this time, in that country.

Heather Barker seemed to be warming up during her first selection, *What I Did For Love*, but in her second proved herself equal to some very demanding music in her performance of *People*. The Innis Choir proved that Innisites can work together, and to good effect. Anita Bredovskis and Chris Wilson displayed a good sensitivity to style in a Hayden flute duet.

Not all of the music was unequivocally superb. The performance of medley of Yes songs was a drawback. Yes was certainly the most virtuosic rock band that ever hit the main stream, and their music remains a test for any good garage band, even now. But the songs in *Ball Five's* medley were all almost ten years old, and should not be played by anyone but Yes outside of a garage.



Acoustic Odyssey



The Pleasant Guse

The failure of the rockers was balanced by the pleasant success of the folkies, who showed a predilection for Bruce Cockburn. Anthea Pascaris and Dawn Sheppard performed *Rumours of Glory* along with Harmonium's *Pour un instant*. Cory Mandell projected a fine strong baritone on *Tokyo* and James Taylor's *Millerworker*.

The musical highlights of the evening were provided by Ajay Heble's quintet *The Pleasant Guse* and Victor Plenter's piano solo *A Fantasy*. In both cases the audience was treated with original compositions by the performers.

The Pleasant Guse consisted of clarinet, congas, 12 string guitar, electric cello, piano and synthesiser. The piece *Wet Bread* was a controlled improvisation, for the most part pentatonic, on a two chord rhythmic motive. The performance was marred by the entrance of the synthesized drum beat off the beat, and in this sort of piece rhythmic momentum is everything. But the piece on the whole, was performed well, and the ending was very interesting.

It could be said of Victor Plenter's *A Fantasy* that it is an extremely conservative composition. This would be beside the point. If you're going to write a programmatic fantasy-show piece for piano, the style of Liszt and Chopin is the only possibility. Mr. Plenter certainly displayed that he could play in the style of Liszt. The acoustics of the town hall may, however, have deceived him. The echo chamber effect of the space may have transposed a normal use of the sustain-pedal into an overuse of something that is essential to that style of playing. Nevertheless Mr. Plenter's piece brought the house down, which was to be expected.

The spirit of the night was caught by Gail Kirkwood and her chorus-hoys in *Duck Lake*. The inspired mugging of the guys in tutus made us all smile fondly at Gail's strong and precise dancing. It is this fondness that we took away from the show, and that made it worthwhile for everyone.



"Till the Walls Come Tumbling Down;" Melody Elvin, Kathy Gyorgy, Anne Hayes and Diana Pleitis



Duck lake



... And Then There Was

Harbourfront

by John Temple

From Vancouver, which boasts that it has embarked on the largest urban redevelopment project in Canadian history, to Saint John's which is bracing itself for an influx of oil money that will radically alter the city's character, Canada's harbours are undergoing massive change. Not to be outdone by either the East or the West, *Harbourfront*, a federal corporation, has stepped up the redevelopment of two and a half miles of shoreline between York Street and Stadium Road, here in Toronto. In keeping with their policy of keeping the public informed about

through his list I had an irresistible urge to check my bank balance just in case I might have enough hidden away to get in on the ground floor, so to speak. After all, what could be better? All my favourite shops and lots of them: sportswear, audio, luggage, cards, a travel agent (although I couldn't understand why anyone would want to leave once they had roosted in this city within a city), prints, and books but best of all were the antiques. Not just one, mind you. Imagine, three or four, plus a decorating centre that could help you pick the furniture that would "look right" in your new abode. No more travelling to Yorkville and trying to find a parking spot for your BMW while you could be browsing for a new antique pine armoire.

When I saw that there wouldn't be any

ketchup it isn't all that bad a vegetable. Translated into architectural theory, this means, put lots of groovy apartments and offices up in the air and the money we get from the developers can pay for the fun we will have by the lake, and everyone will be happy in their new "Public Space System." Some people call that taxation. So what if we can't find an apartment to live in, as long as we can go to dreamland. The movies are finally exerting their rightful influence on urban design and architecture.

Some say Reagan's theories are oversimplistic and will never work, but if you listen to Harbourfront rhetoric, the future seems bright and golden (that's not arches I'm referring to). It's simple, make a master plan designating locations and volumes of buildings, and then under the plan's strict guidelines, let the builders loose. After all, they do have the "know how." Infallible as it sounds, and admittedly delightfully logical, the solution contains its own demise. Regrettably, the curators of the exhibition didn't deem it important to display the master plan in a prominent position, but it explains a lot about the exhibition that is left unsaid. The configuration of every project is basically the same and without the help of this simple drawing one doesn't realize the extent to which that is the result of the conditions imposed upon the architects. None of the proposals challenge the master plan which accounts for their seeming to be just another project along the lines of the Harbour Castle development.

We are told that out of a total site area of thirteen and a half acres, a full seven and a half will be open to the public once the offices, stores and apartments are built, but looking at the drawings it is obvious that most of the architects' attention went into the buildings themselves. With all the hullabaloo about our new urban waterfront park, it is disappointing to see little convincing evidence of it in the drawings, for as interesting as the buildings may be, most of us will not be residents. They promise varied places to stroll. Pedestrian seems to be a word that has vanished from architectural jargon - after all, it does have very pedestrian implications - and been replaced by that nineteenth century Parisian character, the "flaneur" or stroller. To be honest, when it is ten degrees below zero with a twenty kilometre an hour wind blowing, I don't do a lot of strolling although I do get to Yorkville Ave. as much as possible in the two good weeks of summer. I have to admit I am not the type to sit on park benches that often in winter either but I would have been delighted if someone offered me the opportunity for a vigorous skate on something larger than the city hall pond.

Canada is a country blessed with a long winter and our most distinctive architectural forms - the atrium and the underground shopping mall - are born of that fact. Pitiful as those forms may be, I for one would have been excited if someone had shown the intention of making a public outdoor space that was co-extensive with an indoor public space. Barton Myers Associates was the only firm to propose such a scheme but it was difficult to get a sense of the linear internal space running through their proposal. The only other proposal that seemed hopeful in terms of its recognizing the Canadian climate and setting up an interesting relationship between a building and the lake, even in winter, was that of Allan Littlewood, Architects, who are responsible for the outdoor bandstand at Queen's Quay.

The lack of serious attention to the detailing of outdoor space in the architects' proposals mirrors



Model of proposed mixed use development at Spadina Quay.

Prepared by Rampant Enterprises and VKS Developments Ltd.

what's happening on our Lakeshore, *Harbourfront's* Art Gallery at Queen's Quay recently exhibited the twelve designs submitted for the Spadina Quay Competition: a one hundred million dollar segment of the redevelopment scheduled to begin construction in Spring 1982.

It might have been icy and blowing outside, but once in the gallery I would have sworn Toronto was a suburb of New Orleans. If this exhibition travelled to the South Seas, any misconceptions about Canadians living twelve months of the year in igloos - after all it's only eight isn't it - would be dispelled. Each three-dimensional drawing in the show drew me further and further into a picturesque world of kites and soaring sea gulls - and popcorn vendors and sidewalk cafes - no donut shops as far as I could see - and sunny sailboats and relaxed strollers and vast green lawns and benches by the lake and trees covered in the greenest of leaves. An image of Eden right here in Hogtown. Why have an apartment on the strip in Miami when you will be able to have the same thing right here in the little apple and without all that crime to worry about?

As if these fantastic renderings wouldn't be enough to convince me that our omniscient architectural weathermen really had something to offer, one of the developers was kind enough to explain what on most drawings is referred to as "commercial space." Once I started to go

convenience stores since farmers are going to set up a farmer's market right there for our own entertainment, it sounded too good to be true. I figured there had to be a hitch, and after reading all the architects' good intentions I finally found it. Annau Associates set me straight: "Buildings and amenities have been designed for a youthful market (that means no kids please) that desires surroundings which are off-beat, close to downtown activities, while offering luxurious, well designed and spacious living quarters."

Realizing that I wasn't the type of resident they were looking for, I searched for some consolation in the drawings. They did say it was a "public space" so I thought for sure I'd find some benefit in the beautiful life they depicted. And suddenly I came to the profound realization that Ronald Reagan's economic theories are the most important influence on contemporary architecture and development. Tom Wolfe, in his new book "From Bauhaus To Our House," argues that we're still living in buildings influenced by the Socialist ideals of the German architects of the twenties, but I think instead of blaming strangers from across the sea for telling us what we need even if we don't want it, we've finally found a prophet in our own land - excuse me Canadian Nationalists - riding out of a Western Sunset. Boy was I relieved. Everything fell into place. Ronnie's got it figured out: if things are going well for the rich, the benefits will filter down to the rest of us and until they do



Harbourfront continued

the attitude evident in the master plan. If you look closely at the master plan you'd swear that they had let loose a class of landscape architecture students who were each responsible for contributing one historical example of landscape design under the theory that if you try everything something has got to work. However, I must admit that my criticism might be slightly unfair, as I have overlooked the fact that the proposals have all endowed that overwhelming majority of our population who own sailboats with new mooring space, and just think a lucky few of them might be able to live in an apartment overlooking their boat just like in those Romantic towns on the Greek islands.

I know many people screamed when the Eiffel tower was built that it was a horrible eyesore - the same term Harbourfront officials use for the grain elevators (soon to be destroyed) which

presently occupy part of the site - but I can't help thinking that if I took a child to see a model of the tower before it was built, he or she would have been fascinated and excited. I wish I could say the same thing for the models on display at Harbourfront. The fantastic future we are promised by this exhibition bears a striking resemblance to advertisements in *Toronto Life* and *The New Yorker* for the good life, but last I heard there were more than a million unemployed in Canada. I don't believe that the public world we are being promised actually reflects a future of a city that many of us will be able to call our own. Maybe that's why they gave out ballots at the exhibit to choose which design you like best, even though they have already made the decision. It's better to have the illusion that you are participating in decisions about your city's future than to have nothing at all. By the way: Arthur Erikson, as usual, was the winner of the competition.

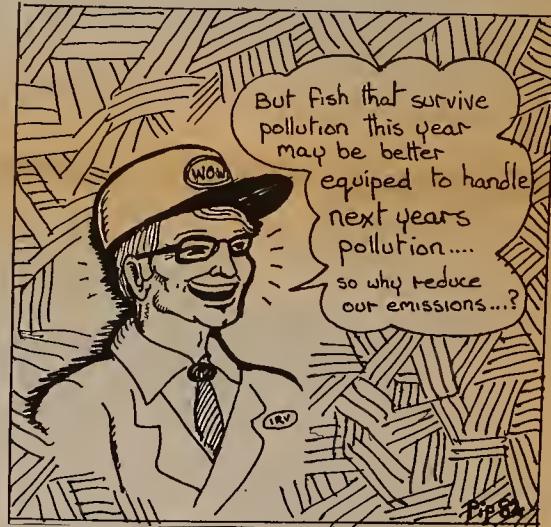
Comics



"ALLRIGHT, WHO ATE THE APPLE?"



A BIGOT BEING GENEROUS WITH HIS UGLINESS



In Search of Truthless Justice and The Way

It has been proclaimed that an anarchist nihilist horde will make a bid for power in the upcoming mock parliament. As opposed to current rumours, the Rhinoceros ticket is not a joke. This parliament is an established mockery and we are going to grant it the respect it deserves.

The Rhino ticket has also proposed some hard line policies to combat the recent trend of 'servogipperism' (those who serve the gipper) in campus hackery. Among our policies is the practice of peanut and candy flossing all young Liberals and Young Regressive Conservatives; these sticky and gooey insults to humanity will be paraded down St. George St. for public abuse. As a token gesture the campus NDPers shall act as marshalls before being thrown into 35 consecutive lectures of Statistics 242.

On the floor of the legislature we will propose a dance contest as well as a reenactment of the

last supper. Following the meal there will be more wine and another session of intoxication of the proles (Press conference). A Rhino presence in the mockery is nothing more than our demonstration of tantamount respect for the event and its organizers.



All that glitters may just be dough.

The Margin,

ed from page 5

The point is, the NDP is closer to establishing a democratic socialist government than it has been since the 1940's. It is the only party to have adapted its policies to new phenomena. It has taken a long time to realize that quasi-dogmatic policies are ill-suited to most Canadian voters while maintaining a fundamentally nationalistic and socialistic stance.

It appears that every twenty years the NDP goes through a transition, at least it did in the mid-forties and mid-sixties. 1982 may prove to be a decisive year. Thanks to our media, big-time politicking and Larry Grossman-esque campaigns may not be restricted to the two old-hack parties.

There is a direct relationship between the press's massive coverage of the convention, its shallow profile of political and economic change, and the apparent NDP emergence, a relationship which works to the advantage of the NDP. Having a leader with style and media-appeal and the press's joy in reporting our rapid slide into a depression unwittingly makes the NDP appear as a viable political alternative. These two roles of the press coupled with the more moderate policy of the party make the decision to vote for the NDP worth considering.

Fiction

Angel

First day of summer on the calendar, I stood staring into the towering lilacs, breathing them, watching for movement. On the shoulder of a dirt road somewhere near Orangeville on a hill we called Rufo Hill, one of our favorite places to hunt bumblebees. Rufo stands for rufocinctus, a particular species of bumblebee that supposedly inhabits these lilac trees in great numbers.

I hadn't seen one yet but I didn't feel like moving on, just stood there with the wind rushing in on me from the hills, watching the lilacs moving against the blue. The others were more efficient bee-collectors than I, moving from tree to tree, back from the road, nets poised, ears tuned for the give-away drone of a cruising queen. Then they were out of sight and the day was mine to share with the sound of sifting wind.

"Whoaaaaaaahhhh Whooooooool"

It came rushing at me with a glorious squeal, high-pitched fear bombing down the dusty hill. His hat had flown off about half-way down, but he didn't get to a complete stop until he was about ten feet past me where he dropped his black machine in the middle of the road. Metal clanged and I heard a mumbled, "Damn brakes." One of those old bicycles with the small wheels, high handlebars and banana seat, painted a dull and dusty black. A juvenile Harley Davidson.

The kid saw me standing there looking retarded with my bee-net, a butterfly net actually, and my briefcase of vials.

"What're ya after?"

"Bumblebees."

That's cool. If she's after bees, O.K., "Yeah, there's lots around here. I seen lots."

"Not today. Too windy, I think. Lost your hat, eh?"

He looked up the hill where the red and white cotton thing lay in the dirt. He ran his hand through the mess of thick blond curls and smiled at me with eyes big and white and blue. He was about twelve.

I was easy, a real gonner in no time at all. I was going to melt or something into his face, childishly chubby and dimpled, tanned this early in the summer dark enough to set off the gold in his hair so it sort of shone.

I turned back to the lilacs. No bees.

"What you want bees for?" No way was I going to get back to the business of bee-collecting, there was no use even trying.

"The University. We do experiments on them."

He nodded like he knew all about universities and scientists and entomological research. Enough not to ask any more questions. He had a huge plastic bottle opener hanging off his leather belt.

We shot the shit for a while, he told me about the fire that swept across this valley two years ago, how they didn't think it'd get across the road, only a big tree on fire had fallen across and spread the flames over to the other side.

"You shoud'a seen this place, all the way to that forest you kin sorta see over there," he waved a pudgy hand towards the eastern bank of trees in the distance, " 'n all the way over this hill fer another mile' so. Blacker'n hell. All over." I looked over the fields stretching out from both sides of the road, green now with the smell of summer and lilacs. Everything was dancing wildly in the wind and the sound of it in the tall grass. He was staring hard at me while he spoke and not just at my face and he didn't look away when he was finished.

I nodded, a little nervous. Miracles. "What was here before the fire?" I asked, "Forest, like the one over there?" He gazed a moment over the valley where I pointed into the wind, lost himself for a moment in the perfect clarity of the day.

The way he looked at me before he went on up the hill to retrieve his cap, I would have called smug in any other kid. The nerve to act like he was ten years older, the way he knew he had me.

He swaggered back down with his filthy jeans dragging over his running shoes in the dust and the baseball cap jammed onto his curls. They still managed to shine golden flying out from under the brim. Why aren't you at school kid, this week-day in June? Where's your mother, does she know you spend your days roaring around the countryside, talking to strangers, and does she give you beer bottles to open with that thing, or does she only give you baloney sandwiches from her limeleur kitchen? Where were you when the flames roared over here, do you remember the forest? Why don't you remember the forest? Why doesn't your mother wash your jeans, where do you come from kid?

The Harley was hot from soaking up the white sun all this time, and it glowed too, even through

the black paint. Straddling the seat, he sat there with his back to me, then turned around, his face for the first time in shadow under the peak of his cap. His voice was expressionless.

"You wanna ride?"

I'd already put my net and my case down in the dusty grass, and then I was b'hind him on the banana seat, my hands gripping his shoulders and we took off along the dirt road on the first day of summer. After a short distance, the machine turned sharply to the right, off the road and we were following a narrow path between walls of swaying grass. The dust that rose behind us was caught quickly by the wind.

Catherine Russell



Man With Toy Horse, Toronto, 1979

Photographs by Martha Davis

In the Sandbox

We are in the sandbox.

And a castle is always needed near dirt holes, Paul told me.

After school everyday we build mountain mansions like a hill of earth.

In the park.

They are made where the tunnel is beneath them.

Paul and I fill buckets to make big. We drop on. Look how exciting it is. Where there was no hill before.

I like to dig holes into a castle. I like to find my way out at the other end. I like it when I can't see the middle of my arm just the top near my shoulder and the other end, my hand, near the wrist outdoors.

My hand you can see outside.

We are making homes, Paul. We are digging and piling a giant. You see there are ditches and tubes and castles and bridges and a lake we made. By filling some water.

Paul sees me patting down the sand on the side of the hill. He hears me smooth. This hill and town and mound so big. Expands as we dump. And pat. And pound.

All the sand is wet and working. We wet it to play.

Eric is joining us and Huey and David. They are coming. They are bringing their own sands to seed. See the city and us. And add.

In many places underground hands shake. I want you to see a sandcastle to your knee and thigh. Enjoy excitement of one to sleep in.

All at the box.

And we just keep adding. Railroads flood the tunnels and steamships the lakes. I am the president of trains and Paul who is Batman is negotiating a deal. The sandbox is stations and mountains and mines. We drop deep for ore. I am telling Paul to dig and we do. He is turning machines.

In our desert box there are caetus and wild snakes. Even the lobbies find lizards. You could keep them.

It is all very wide. The tunnels are rock, the trains are coming and the hills, which are sand, we made to look. At the tops you see towns.

The mommy said it is later and we should go. Why we should go. It is later and dark.

But I am sneaking back. Paul and I have a plan and chemicals to bring us all out again. At night. Which would work.

We are staying here weeks to build homes and not go. I want to never sleep but stay and pat.

The hill we made is spent to neck. You could walk in. It is hours but we're staying. I am tired but we're staying. We will touch tree leaves but I stay.

Do you think we're here long. I am just beginning to begin to start to arrive. I'm not tired. I'm not sad. Daddy and mommy can go home because they're so reasonable. They always do what they always say. I'm not going. Let's eat cones Paul. Let's poison girls in the sink.

Paul just makes more. He doesn't go away. Paul's digging to Rome. He knows how to.

It is mass. We have hid for weeks and still make. Paul plans for an airport and I am mining coins. Paul sells sand and I dig.

It is one mile walking.

While Huey is slaughtering kosher chickens to Eric who plucks. David invents toys. We have electric trains to the zoo and the parks only.

I am camping in the river of the box with Paul. We made a tent and I catch trout to cook. The fire in hillside.

We are all singing everyday. Loudly. Paul and I swing sand to the box and the mommies with the daddies say that enough is enough. That now it's dark and come home. But we don't stop play to leave. And are staying.

They say it's a lot. Daddy says too much.

But Paul's not finished. We don't sleep for hours. We eat only cake and are fine. I ate a piece of pie a pound wide and the castle now, I'm standing on it, makes daddy small. He's suing us. But Paul is our lawyer.

The lakes are the size of moon craters. The tunnels connect states. We're swimming in cracks in the roof. I'm amazed at sand. We have sent sand to space.

David says maybe we cannot keep the sand which is bigger than we are now.

Huey, Eric, Paul, David, Me are always playing together. We never leave them. In the city of the sand of the box, we just can't run hills and stores alone.

We think. It is weeks now and we haven't left the camp.

The castles are hundred rooms. The lakes stock sea bass. Our mountain is a thousand, million, trillion, infinity pounds of sand, Paul said.

Mommies and daddies want us home for God sakes. Come home for God sakes.

Everything for Him. He always gets His way.

Daddy takes us aside. Daddy starts talking at us.

His face is moving.

When he says something his beard bounces. You've been here weeks, come home. We're worried about you. You're spending too much time here. It's enough. Enough. Enough. Enough is enough. Don't you know when to stop. Your mountains are miles. Miles are too high, miles too high. You'll be hurt you'll cry. Too much. It's bad it's not good. Do what you should. Daddy takes a breath.

You have other things to do. You have other things. You can't do just this. Oh come home. Be reasonable. Reasonable means reasons. I'm giving you reasons: you'll be bad if you're not good and good is knowing enough is enough and not doing too much and thinking it's time to stop now. It is. It is time to stop. You should've stopped at yards you went miles. You could've made the streams into lakes not seas. Learn. Go learn what's enough. Enough is enough.

Paul is sitting on our Sand Everest. Waving. I'm throwing apples up to him. He says it's good here. And catches them.

We each have our own mountain peak and wave down at our grown-ups. My mountain is Robin. We have a special train to the tops which leaves every minute. There's ice-cream cake on the way up in a frozen double cone. For no money.

Oh, we're miles high. A mile is more than anything and we have one.

A billion, trillion, zillion, billion, million, million, million, billion.

A lot.

Gideon Forman

Slimy Pole

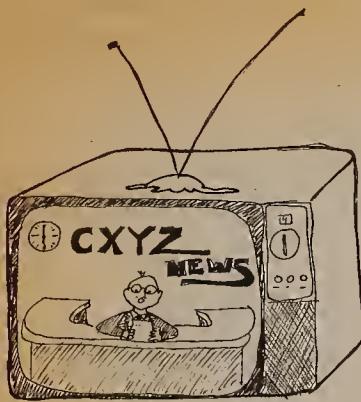
In the bitter wind, I stand not quite grateful
To feel mildly alive, shovelling some earth
Into the broken ground while new fields lie all
Around, carved, awaiting spring or summer
Plowings, or the groundhogs of deep winter's
Sleep. Life blossoms, sometimes in white tombstones.
Is it too cold and too late in the year to steal
A handful of grass, only to mutter of one's dusty
Fingers? Down, looking from the north aspect, the
Highway — secure among the low, blueish hills — runs
Out in a narrow, constantly diminishing band.
The traffic in this twilight shower sighs
Rather than roaring. My cold spade drops its dirt
Into the earth's damp, ungrateful depths.



Where Do You Stand On...?

Naming of unnamed names
not remembered in hometown streets.
The pinstriped man (now it's a woman, black,
with make-up too) fondling for dear life
Their foam-rubber phallus and its
long tale tied to the teller
of half-told truths
and the Desk between.
Wordlings with pictures of worldlies
and plurals too many to be told of
Captive capitals in rumored slumber,
the nations earths plying boats
Upon the sleepy sea-between
so many small lies and the sudden surprise
to be woken once more
in the arm-rustler's dream.
(saying, it's time to put the dog out, son,
It's time)
With commercial cue
tomorrow's temperature rises upon indifferent
currents
yesterday's playtime summarised in forgettable
figures
Air and muscle, heat and motion stew
groundling chatter (she sits so close)
In the lap of tabloid dots
for timely toots how do you
spell Cod?
(dog, hey dog,
Wake up, it's time to do your thing,
before we say goodnight,
Do your thing.)
Rehearsed voices, full of cant
in Kodak-colorchrome and now I understand;
Who stole the alphabet and hung?
from the antenna of the local
Red White And Blue Revival Tent
how do you spell? Cod,
and that's the way it is,
now I under
stand.

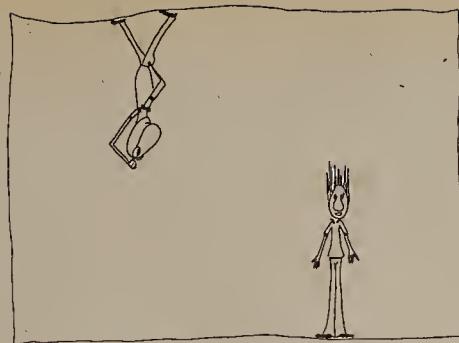
J. Cruess



Autumn

And with ashes scattered
Wind-rung across the water
Grandmother joined the passion
Of one thousand baptisms.
Into the depths she howled
A hymn of broken boughs
Folding in waterfalls.
Spirit collect the streams
Wrapped around the reeds.
Fall across the water
With a swimmer's shadow.
Absolve fallen leaves
From the mystery
They breathe.
Scoop my canoe
And gather up
Two moons.

Robert Lindsey



"LOOK, I DIDN'T DRAW IT"

Haiku

1

Cat is delicate in snow
Four brown leaves are dancing
Among dead branches

Tender kitten paws drag
Belly through snow drifts, she jumps
to balance on branches

Catherine Russell

Communion

Virginal this critical liturgy
Means leaning on an altar
Voice sorely adoring and form
Shadowing linen in martyrdom
As you go slow to sacrament
Immaculate in a devotional baptismal.

Ultra Anna

You are something familiar
To the blood
Like an Indian rhythm
Tapping the tongue
In my mouth
To a loose-lipped
Two-step.

Robert Lindsey



Toronto, 1979

Confidence of the Balcony Phantoms

by Ajay Heble

Food For The Eyes Bread For The Soul

Presumably there has been an accident. Glossy blistering flowers and prickly-leaved plants pronounce their existence through dim shadows forming a narrow path which surrounds the scene in question. They touch nothing. Remnants from a vehicle — perhaps two vehicles — crash with an intense vibration of sound. A dog with a broken leg staggers streetwise between the shadows and stares interestedly at the shattered remnants.



A stone gets tossed carelessly into the rippling waters and turns into a pillow. It floats easily amidst the jetsam and broken bottles. The pillow will not sink. The currents of the water carry it until it goes out of sight.

The sky is pinkish. The sun is red. A foot step on an anthill becomes a deep impression. The dog barks loudly. It runs between the shadows self if chasing something. The dog is chasing a stone. A stone has been tossed onto the path. The dog is chasing the stone which has been tossed onto the path. The dog steps on the anthill while chasing the stone which has been tossed onto the path between the shadows. Leaving a deep impression. Everything happens so quickly that it all appears a blur. The ostensible manifestation remains: A deep impression.

Screwdriver's ready to repair the wound. Pay the bills. And answer the phone wordlessly. Screwdriver sinks its common-slot end into the footstep made in the anthill by the dog while chasing a stone tossed onto the path, between the shadows. Screwdriver twists and writhes, feeling its way into the problem. The dog has stopped barking. Perhaps the dog is dead. It is out of vision beyond the barking. Screwdriver is deep in the ground. Only the handle stands out. A clear piece of acrylic plastic amidst the deep impression in the anthill.



The phone rings. It rings again. The sound it makes as it rings causes the phone to move. The phone vibrates with an intensity of sound. There is something which looks like dust on the receiver. The dust is pinkish. The phone is red. The chair has eyes. Two buttonholes for eyes. It also has arms. The chair two moves with the intense ringing of the phone. The chair moves towards the phone. Next it moves away. A greyish discharge from a crystalline object falls from the ceiling onto a pile of the chair, spreading its stained character evenly throughout. Leaving a deep impression.

A bird with a broken leg sings songs to the swans pushing its beak up into the air to absorb the sweet perfume of a summer's day. A warm wind caresses its face and blows dirt into its eyes. Two cars crash on a road. A dog is barking. The dog is running with a broken leg. A stone gets tossed carelessly into the water. The stone turns into a pillow. The dog is running and carelessly steps on an anthill with its broken leg. Leaving a deep impression.



There is music in the air. Something which might be a trumpet twirls rapidly through the sky. A pair of socks hangs out to dry on a laundry line. Ringing sounds from a belfry. Piano keys. A briefcase slips down the road at lightning pace and out of sight. The dog is chasing the briefcase.

Screwdriver and a collection of knives on a marble table. Blood on the walls. A spot of red on the floor can be seen through the open window.

Screwdriver falls out of the briefcase. The briefcase is stained with blood. The briefcase crashes open with a thud. Screwdriver falls out of the briefcase. Two cars collide with much impact. The briefcase flies through the windshield of one of the cars. The briefcase is stained with blood.



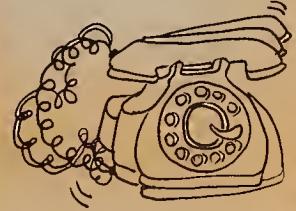
The dog with a broken leg is chasing the briefcase which has flown through the windshield of a car that was in a collision. The briefcase travels down the road at lightning speed. The dog is chasing after it until both the briefcase and the dog are out of sight. The briefcase crashes open with a thud. Screwdriver falls out and travels down the road at lightning pace. The dog with a broken leg chases Screwdriver which fell out of the briefcase that crashed open with a thud. Screwdriver stops suddenly and sinks its common-slotted end into the footstep made in an anthill by the same dog with the broken leg while it chased a stone which was tossed onto the path between the shadows. There are no shadows now. The blistering flowers and prickly-leaved plants cannot be seen. All that is visible in the distance is a clear piece of acrylic plastic.



Collection of knives and a ripe tomato on a marble table. The floor and walls are a spotless white. The room can be seen through an open window.

The phone is ringing. A pillow floats in water. The phone is still ringing. It makes such intense sound that it vibrates. The pillow floats out of sight in the water. There is an ant on the phone which rings and moves with an intense vibration of sound.

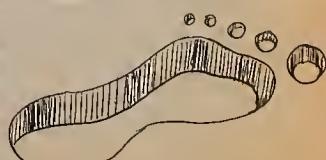
On the street there is a stone. A dog with a broken leg is standing by the stone and barking. The phone is ringing. The dog with a broken leg is barking while standing by the stone which is on the street. The phone is still ringing. It rings with such an intense vibration of sound that it moves.



Two cars crash on a road with much impact. A briefcase flies through the windshield of one of the cars. There are two ants on the phone which is ringing and moves with an intense vibration of sound. A briefcase travels down the road at lightning pace. A dog with a broken leg chases after the briefcase which travels down the road at lightning pace. The road is slippery. Presumably there has been an accident. There are three ants on the phone which is ringing and moves with an intense vibration of sound. A footstep has left a deep impression on an anthill. The phone is still ringing. It rings with such an intense vibration of sound that it moves. There is a pillow floating in the water.

Screwdriver, a collection of knives and a sliced tomato on a marble table. Blood on the walls. A piece of tomato has fallen from the table and there is a spot of red on the floor. This can be seen through the open window.

The phone is ringing. It rings with such an intense vibration of sound that it moves. It moves towards the chair with two eyes. Next it moves away. Then towards. And away. Then towards... and so on. The dog is on the street chasing after a stone which has been cast onto the path between the shadows. The road is slippery. The phone is still ringing. There is an ant on the phone which rings and is moving with an intense vibration of sound. There is a footstep on an anthill which has left behind a deep impression. The ant and the phone together are moving with an intense vibration of sound. They move towards the chair with two eyes. Next they move away. Then towards. And away. Then towards... and so on. The dog has stopped barking. The road is slippery. There is a stone on the road. Everything happens so quickly that it all appears a blur.



THE END